

The citizens of Indianapolis have confidence in our way of doing business. For Saturday we advertised 100 regular \$10 all-wool suits for \$4.50, and it was the busiest day we have had this season.

To-Morrow



Will again be crowded. We are going to sell 250 Men's All-wool \$12.00 Suits

For \$7.50

That's how we counteract dullness. Choice from 250 Men's First-class, Strictly All-wool Dress and Business Suits, Sacks and Cutaways, Frocks in all the newest styles; every one of them formerly sold for \$12, some for \$15. You can take pick and choice for \$7.50. The value of the cloth alone is worth more than the price we ask for them. The price is not based on the cost, but on how quick we can sell them under the most adverse circumstances. This reduction in price should

BRING OUT EVERY MAN

Who wants truly first-class Clothing for little money. In Our Boy's and Children's Department we will sell a few more

Regular \$5.00 Knee Pants Suits for.....\$2.50
Regular \$8.00 Long Pants Suits for.....\$4.50
Regular \$12.00 Long Pants Suits for.....\$7.50

.... None of these suits will be charged to any one—the price is too low. We cannot afford it. A guess on the bicycle with every sale and an additional guess for every dollar or fraction thereof over the first dollar. Three bicycles will be given away on July 4.

The Progress Clothing House

Let us Figure with you
When you want
Decorating
Co.
38 South Illinois Street. ... Want Paper

Another Underwear Opportunity

In a high-grade Balbriggan. We have them in every genteel shade—flesh, white, pink, blue, heliotrope and brown. This is our thirteenth

Surprise Special Sale

All this week—until our doors close Saturday night—we offer them

AT... 25 CENTS

All Essentials for Summer Comfort

Are gathered under one roof at THE GLOBE. Did you ever stop to consider the convenience of supplying all your needs in the way of wearing apparel at one place? Nowhere are such tempting summery things for men, boys and children to be seen, and nowhere—it is scarcely necessary to add—is the lowness of prices ever approached.

THE GLOBE
CLOTHING COMPANY,
S.W. COR. WASHINGTON & DELAWARE STS.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

By Mail, to Any Address,

Two Dollars per Annum

baby's brown curls were bent low over the mother's face and the little daughter was raining kisses upon the irresponsible features.

THE FLINT SOFTENED.
It was over our ice cream at a church social. The lady who chanced to be my companion was in middle life, bright, observant, sympathetic; she was a good woman, saying little about God, but practicing a sympathetic devotion to all his creatures. The conversation had drifted to the subject of inspiration and the divinity of humanity, when my companion told this story:

"I had known Ellen Gray ten years. She lived on our farm, and I usually saw her once a week in summer and at least once a month in winter. In that decade of acquaintance I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing to belie my first impression that the woman was an emotionless automaton. Her face was hard and cold, and the change in expression was in the degree of stolidism or weariness expressed on that stony dial plate. From early morning until bed time she worked like a slave, spoke when compelled to, and attended to the needs of others herself was supposed to have none, precisely as the mechanic, mechanically as the little wooden clock on the mantel told the hours of night and day. The aim of her narrow life seemed to be that the setting sun should leave as many pennies in the family exchequer as the rising sun had found there. The look of more strongly fortified stolidism as she broke to her angry husband the news that one of the children needed a new garment, gave me ever the impression that their offspring were like some burdens. Poor children! There was nothing in their lives but work, food and ugly clothes, with quarrels for diversion. There was no Christmas, no glorious Fourth or circus day trips to town, with the attendant string of memories that furnish a whole year's joys to heart-and-brain hungry country children. The father would sneeringly say, 'Guess I kin find somethin' for 'em to dew to home.' Their whole system, physically, intellectually and spiritual, were enlisted in a supreme and never-ending effort to save; they knew not for what. They hardly drank as much spring water or breathed as much pure air as their natures demanded."

"But once, when I had been absent for a few weeks, I learned of the death of little Davy, the six-year-old son of these people, the youngest of what I had been led to believe was a brood of burdens. My heart ached, but hardly in sympathy, as I felt that none other would ache in union. I said, 'I'm sorry now—I said to you, I suppose they think there's one less mouth to feed.' Yet my mother-heart told me I must go and see Ellen Gray. I anticipated a rebuff to my proffered sympathy. As I extended my hand and said 'You've been in trouble, Mrs. Gray, and I'm sorry for it,' she had been crying, and her hand was wet with tears. She looked strangely out of place. The broken woman said: 'Yes, and it seems as if nothin' is the same since Davy went away. I never thought I could feel so. It just 'rinds me,' she went on in a strained way, 'of somethin' I knowed when I was a girl. They was a man lived close by on the bank o' the river. He never 'peared to take no stock in them people crosst 'r river, an' never even seemed to notice that they was anybody livin' over there. Went on that way till that man's baby girl married a feller from 'other side, an' went there to live. 'Twas different. That man got fairly foolish 'bout that neighbor hood over on 'other side the holler. He couldn't talk 'bout nothin' else, an' didn't pay no 'tention to things on his side. Every mornin', soon as th' east began to glint white an' yaller, that man would get up an' peer across the river. He was a smoke comin' from his chimney crosst the river; every day he inquired of everybody he saw 'bout things across the stream; an' every night 'fore he went to bed, he'd peek to see if the light was plain' in his girl's window on 'other side. It's just the same, an' so it was. He sighed heavily and had a fresh outburst of tears. 'Fore Davy went, I never thought nothin' hardly about heaven an' things over there; but now, mornin' an' evenin' an' all day long, an' sometimes most of the night, I think about where Davy is, an' wonderin' what him an' the others an' God is doin'."

"When she was through," continued my companion, "my own eyes were full of tears. Here was pure inspiration, the softening of a heart of flint, by God's own hand. Here was the purest, sweetest, rarest poetry, the tenderest sentiment, a time illustration, new-born love for divinity, sympathy for fellow-mortals, growing, flourishing, blossoming as the rose in a life others an' God is doin'."

I said nothing. I could think of little to say, any a lump in my throat, that led me to silence.

S. W. GILLILAN,
Richmond, Ind.

ANGEL GABRIEL AS PLAINIFF.

Brings a Libel Suit Through the Paris Prophetess.

Paris, France.
Wednesday the judges of the ninth chamber were blessed in looking upon the Angel Gabriel face to face. The apparition was a man, with a long, flowing beard, members of the bar as well as many ladies and representatives of the clergy. We must explain that the angel, dressed in himself to Presiding Judge Bidault de Isele and his two fellow-justices, MM. Fauchet and Koe. The angel, dressed in himself to Presiding Judge Bidault de Isele and his two fellow-justices, MM. Fauchet and Koe. The angel, dressed in himself to Presiding Judge Bidault de Isele and his two fellow-justices, MM. Fauchet and Koe.

But in an unguarded moment the door was opened a few inches by two tiny hands, and with a questioning "papa?" the little one toddled in with outstretched arms and a smile that anticipated a welcome. As she half ran, her foot caught on the edge of a rug and she fell, alighting on her hands and knees. With a fretful cry she ran to papa, holding up one bare hand to be kissed; but he had shrunk away from an enemy, and his hands were over his face. The baby was hurt beyond power of expression, and with tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lip she stood until the face of mamma was seen close by her side. With a happy laugh the baby staggered a step nearer and put her pink palm over the bloodless lips that had never refused the healing kiss. Imagination supplied the response, and still laughing, the babe crept between the father's knees and begged to be taken. Mechanically he picked her up and began to rock her to and fro in his arms. But he held her too tightly, and she struggled with wriggling arms and legs to get free. Once on the floor she peeped over the coffin's edge at the still face. "Teek-teek!" she said; that was her baby form for "peek-a-boo"—it had always made mamma laugh. But she did not smile. One short arm was reached over the coffin's edge, and a little fore-finger parted the cold lips that remained as the finger left them. Babe stared in surprise, and then with a funny laugh and squint she looked up at her father.

The man's heart was breaking, but not a blessed tear had come to his relief. He reached blindly for his baby, but his hand touched his grasp. The next moment, with the help of the hassock at her father's feet, the

Haag's Liver Pills clear your skin.

JUSTICE A MISNOMER

SOME DEFECTS IN INDIANA'S SYSTEM OF ADMINISTERING IT.

All New Justices of the Peace Talk of Reforms in the Office, but Never Introduce Them.

The uses and abuses of the office of justice of the peace afford a field for study, and a study of them leads to the conclusion that there is something wrong with the system under which this office is administered in the State of Indiana.

It is nearly always the case that when an action results in the elevation of the peace on a salary sufficient to induce men of ability to accept the office. This might cause my defeat if I should stand for re-election, but if a better man were elected the people would profit enough by it to atone for the grief over my retirement. All this expense I would have the township pay the same as the county pays the expense of the county courts. The plan would cost the township considerable and for that reason would meet with objection, but it would be economical in the long run. It would be the means of lessening the litigation in the county courts, would result in more impartial rulings and a better administration of the office in every way. It would also dignify the court and would be more in keeping with the advancement that we have made in every other line of progress."

It has long been acknowledged that the justice-of-the-peace-court is a necessary evil—an evil in that too many people are subjected to the indignities of arrest by fee-grabbing constables, or through unscrupulous lawyers who would not dare go into a more dignified court of justice with their claims; necessary, because, being always in session, it can act quickly in cases where speed is essential. To eliminate the evil features of the office and preserve the necessary features has long been the aim of many good citizens and of legislators, but the conditions still remain the same as they have been for years, and the agitation there has been on the subject has accomplished little. It is probably true that almost anybody who has given the subject of thought will say that some radical changes could well be made in the administration of these courts. These same persons will also be likely to think that it is too small a matter to be worthy of much concern, and will pass the subject off lightly. This is probably the reason the Legislature has not changed the laws regarding justices of the peace.

The great objection to the justice of the peace grows out of the fact that the office is supported entirely from the fees collected from the parties to the suit. The poor people who make up a majority of the defendants in cases before such courts. In criminal cases the State is the litigant on the one side and pays no fees. In cases of acquittal, therefore, the justice of the peace and the officers of the court who have assisted in the justice have given their services gratuitously. It is not to be wondered at, then, if the most careful and honest man sitting on a justice's bench should err in his own and the State's favor where the evidence is doubtful or close. What the possibilities are when the justice of the peace happens to be an unscrupulous person cannot be imagined by those who have never had the privilege of watching the administration of the office by such a magistrate. A well-known lawyer of this city had a case before a justice where the client was a young man who had been charged with assault and battery on practically no evidence whatever. After the trial the lawyer expostulated with the magistrate.

"You know that man was not guilty under the statutes," he said. "How could you make out the case against him?"

"Well," said the justice, "you can appeal and the State can't."

In this particular case the client was a man who was able to carry the case to the criminal court and he did so and was acquitted. But there is one man who has the means and the will to appeal there are hundreds who either cannot furnish the necessary bond or who would rather pay the fine and costs in the lower court than to take chances of paying greater costs in case of conviction above.

Along this line are considered the greatest opportunities for evil in connection with the justices of the peace, but there are others such as the persecutions which people are subjected to in civil suits which would never be filed in a court of a higher order. Plaintiffs knowing they have no case, but in many cases being irresponsible to themselves, can thus put the defendants to costs without themselves losing anything. This can rarely be done except through a "jack-leg" lawyer, but there are plenty of them and will always be.

In case in point occurred but a few days ago. A suit on an account was filed in a justice's court. It was a case that a lawyer, doing a legitimate business, with a store of knowledge of the law sufficient to carry on his practice, would never have filed. He would have advised his client that he had no case and that if he could not get a compromise to drop the matter. But the suit was filed and judgment rendered for the defendant. During the progress of the case the plaintiff and defendant wanted to effect a compromise, but the former's attorney would not hear of such a thing. He, however, appealed the case. The trial had consumed two days and was before a jury of six men, so that the costs amounted to more than the amount of the original account.

Pending the hearing of the case by the Superior Court the litigants effected a compromise, and here is where the justice of the peace gets the worst of it. Here also is where those who complain of him for being too ready to convict in criminal cases should look to his own conduct. When a case is compromised pending an appeal it often happens that not one cent of the costs can be collected by the justice. All the officers of the court had given two days' time without a fee and the members of the jury, who were men taken from their business, were compelled to serve without pay.

These are a few of the flaws in the system, caused by the justice of the peace study out new systems. One of them, speaking to a Journal reporter recently, suggested a plan that is worthy of consideration if not of execution. The plan is to elect a township six justices, exclusive of those elected for West Indianapolis, Haughville, Brightwood and Irvington," he said. "Allowing one for each of these suburbs, to be located in the suburb, there are six who have offices in the city. This may be more than is necessary or may not be enough. But whatever the number necessary, I hold that they should be given offices by the township. There is good reason for this view. Each justice as he is elected becomes the custodian of the records of his predecessor. In some justices' offices there are great piles of records, and they are thrown around and given very little care. These records are as valuable, so far as they go, as the records of the higher courts. Of course the records are of small value, but to the litigants involved they are important as the records in the higher courts. No justice of the peace, holding office as he does for a short period of time, can afford to fit up an office with a vault to preserve these records. They are liable

to be lost, and then it is possible for all manner of mischief to be done.

"I would suggest that rooms in the basement of the courthouse be secured. The city offices will soon come out of there, and the Legislature could make the necessary laws to bring about the change. Give the justice of the peace the rank of an inferior court as a part of the great judicial system of the State and while he will have a place for holding his court, so that it will not be the man, but the court, before which cases are brought. Put them all in the basement of the courthouse. Create the office of Clerk of the Justice Courts and let all the work of the office be done by him, just as is the work of the county courts under one man. This will diminish the cost."

"I would also suggest that the fee system be done away with to the same extent that it is done away with in the county courts. Put the justice of the peace on a salary sufficient to induce men of ability to accept the office. This might cause my defeat if I should stand for re-election, but if a better man were elected the people would profit enough by it to atone for the grief over my retirement. All this expense I would have the township pay the same as the county pays the expense of the county courts. The plan would cost the township considerable and for that reason would meet with objection, but it would be economical in the long run. It would be the means of lessening the litigation in the county courts, would result in more impartial rulings and a better administration of the office in every way. It would also dignify the court and would be more in keeping with the advancement that we have made in every other line of progress."

A POEM ON THE BOUGH.

"Every true man," says America's noblest seer, "will think all literature is set to be written while his own conversation with nature is still untried." Sermons were in stones, books in the running brooks, odors dropped from hawthorns and elms along upon brambles as far away and long ago as in King Shakespeare's day, and yet on a recent yesterday, in a small forest nook, without a warning strain to tune the earth-born ear to mystic measures, there came a tiny feathered bard and hung one perfect poem on the bough. Down the shaded hillside we had come and across the munny glade where the path through holds her tree-top sovereignty of serene melody; over the stream on a fallen fence rail and through the blackberry tangles breast high, where the taunting catbird flits, we turned aside into a small, quiet, curved woodland cloister set under the caressing hill.

All was peace ere we entered, but in an instant the morning air was vocal with the emphatic protest of a white-eyed vireo. In short, curt and pointed musical ejaculation he uttered his annoyance at our intrusion on his household joy. Eagerly, but with sympathetic courtesy and forbearance, we scanned the bushes in every direction—a white-eyed vireo's nest would be indeed a "find." Suddenly the lady vireo flew past us and alighted frankly on a spice bush not an arm's length away. She had been absent in search of her mate, and was not aware of our presence. Her down again—still not observing us, despite her mate's loud clamor from above—we made a circuit and came close upon the first sketch—the barest airy outline of the nest—fairly poem of most marvelous imagining.

In a crotch of two twigs, only shoulder high to mortals, hung the white mesh of lace-like fabric—a cobweb in sooth and in fact. We could have wept that we had not beheld that frail, gossamer kerchief detached from the night dew's touch and borne aloft to this beautiful vireo. In elfin quietude, she sat, her silken wings stretched from twig to twig and lightly adorned here and there, as if in daintiest caprice, with scrolls of snow white pith and fragments of soft green moss. Fashion me a world's poem more exquisitely beautiful, O ye birds, than this small song bird's dream of home, all "quaint in white and green."

It was five long summer days a-builing this fairy shrine of love and music; poets are not rarely given to that unconscious haste which grosser mortals know. 'Twas slowly, choicely woven, and of purest, most delicate furnishings, and nestled there these high-born infants whose destiny was to hang upon its artistic integrity—fringed arabesques of elder pith and fringed rosettes of green moss binding the lace-cobweb into a mesh of wondrous strength and beauty. The little birdy poetess, for many days on the bough under the spice leaves before it was fully dedicated to the soul of nature's harmony; then, one roseate morn'g, four minutest pale, pink eggs faintly flecked with black—touching patches of unborn melody—were covered by the downy breast and spread wings of the proud little brooding vireo.

New Albany, Ind.

St. Agnes Commencement.

The annual closing exercises of St. Agnes Academy were held last evening at the school, looking North Meridian and Fifth streets. In the parlor was a display of the drawing and other work done by the pupils during the year. The school tasks were neatly arranged on one table and the china paintings on others, with the oil paintings on the walls, and a very creditable display. The exercises were mostly of music, with a few literary features. The following was the programme: Salutatory, Miss C. Thomas; "Polka Cadenza," piano, Miss Egan; Piano, Miss Watts, Cahn, Brennan, Rockwell, Eberhardt and Quinn, mandolins Misses Shiel and Quinn; violin, Miss Porter; "Our glorious Flag of Liberty," accompanists Misses Reame and Hission, and violin Miss Porter; "Glorious Liberty," piano, Misses Science; the class "Our Household Fairies," the little ones, accompanists Misses F. Williams, "Jubilee," piano, Misses Reame, Kramer, piano, Misses Fox, Hission, Thomas, Egan, Egan, Becking, Jenkins and Garver, mandolins Misses Reame and Williams, and violin Misses Shiel and Porter; "The Nightingale's Concert," Concone, Misses Becking, O'Brien, Fox, Keenan and Williams, accompanists, piano, Miss Reame, and violin, Miss Porter; "Alla Marcia," waltz, violins Misses Porter, Williams and Egan, mandolins Misses Cline, Reame and Shiel, piano Misses Keenan and O'Brien; "The Angel of the Empress," reading by the senior class; "The Huntress," a drill, accompanists Misses O'Brien and Williams; "Awakening of the Lion," A. De Koninck, piano, Misses Williams, O'Brien, Keenan and Reame; "Sacred Chorus," accompanists, piano, Misses Hission and Reame, violin, Miss Porter.

Moon Not Responsible.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.
Some Chicago men saw two tails on the moon the other night. The moon was not full.

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE ARE THE IMPORTANT THINGS.

"To-Morrow's Promise," by Rev. Rev. Mr. Warner, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, New Orleans.

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.—Phil. 3:13.

We are living in this present hour, nobly or ignobly, happily or sadly, in hope or in despair, in just the proportion that we believe in, and act upon, these words of the apostle.

It does not mean, this charge to forget and to press forward, that the things which are behind have no influence at all upon the things which are before—they have. We are all weighted by the follies of the past. We know it. The apostle warns us that the past is irrevocable. It has become a real part of us. We can do no more with it. But the present and the future, the ever beautiful to-day, and the hopeful to-morrow—these are ours still, unstained, unmarred. We can do what we will with "the things which are before."

So in our use of the material which lies in our hands now, we must be very powerfully influenced as to the manner of our molding by the ideal which is before us. Watch the careful sculptor. He follows the lines of his model. His chisel is directed in the moment of his contact with the marble, by what he sees in that ideal before him, which, in its way, is his inspiration. It may be an angel or a devil, a thing of beauty, or a deformity. The instrument, however, is faithful to the sculptor's thought, and the result is a masterpiece. The accomplished work of yesterday, although influenced by it, but of the perfect work of to-morrow.

So, my friends, as we look out to-day—hope and courage, or through the earthly mist of sin and despair, we will our present life and future work. The new day is always a new epoch, a beginning. There is a thrill of renewed life, as occupations are again taken up, studies resumed, plans for the future outlined. The school, the church, the social circle, the courts, the store, all feel the impulse. There is all about a hum of fresher life, a throbbing brighter activity, as we gird our loins under the morning sun.

It is the beginning of a potent epoch as though God had all at once touched us, and bade us rise and work, and with one accord we stand erect under the Lord.

Beyond all else, then, in these hours of consciously taking up new duties, and assuming new responsibilities, it is of great importance that we should face this future calmly and reach forth unto those things which are before in the right spirit. We have not passed the day of yesterday, that way will be touched and influenced by our thoughts concerning it as we stand on the threshold. What have we now? What may we expect to have? What is the key in which our lives are written? Is it a joyful or a sad outlook? Does life weigh heavily or do we stand erect under it? Sometimes sorrow is a hollow thing as well as joy. Sometimes we are in the shadow, because we do not know where to look for the sunbeam.

As a man thinketh in his heart so is he; where he is, is a matter of detail. If I do think in all reverence that if I see Lord Christ were on earth in human form to-day He would go about proclaiming that these are good days in which to live, good days, splendid days. Your lean-hearted pessimist can always find the worm and the carrion, but he finds them in spots which he carefully seeks out. He must needs of sweet-smelling flowers and great fields of glowing harvests, to find his stony patches and hard soils and miasma swamps. He must pass armies of happy men and glad women to find the plague spots in prisoners and madhouses. This world, God's world, in which God's creatures live, is a good world in which to live and work. More men laugh than weep, thank God! There are spots of disease, but they are spots, and the great body of society is healthy, and is closing in upon and curing these angry wounds. There is strife, there is tension, there is friction, in society, in politics, in the church. But this strife and tension are good and make life a nobler thing than their absence would.

There is something worth striving for, that is one of the fine inspiring thoughts of these days that seem troubled days to some. We have social, political and religious ideals that are better than the realities which we possess. What a noble discontent then, is this nineteenth century discontent, which will not be satisfied with halfway perfection, but ever is reaching forth into new things which are before. This coming great shock of political parties, the din and clangor of which is already in our ears, is a goodly thing. God grant that the time will never come again in this Republic that brother shall meet brother upon the field of battle, but God grant as earnestly that the time will never come when there will be no division of opinions and no antagonisms of statesmanship. Brother meets brother at the lecture box on opposite sides. Why, that is the very difference between a great people in society with liberty and a people in the chains of a despot's whim. It is good to live in America in these days, better than to vegetate in China.

That great day mark of civilization which not long ago we set up, the observance of the four hundredth anniversary of the first wave of that eternal tide of civilization and progress rolling in upon these western shores! What a point of history in which we live! Four hundred years of the cross first lifting its sacred symbol, amidst the astonished cries of a pagan people! Four hundred years of the ever-renewed footprints of Columbus on our shores, beating broad highways over plains and through forests! These are but glimpses of the glory of our latter-day heritage. We are, or ought to be, a glad and grateful people. The swaddling clothes of babyhood have dropped from the graceful figure of this young monarch among nations. The childish terrors of our literature has deepened into the martial bass of strength and valor. The scientist, the artist, the inventor, above the result of whose labors lies the dear emblem of America, speak with authority, and not as the scribbles. Their voices reach to the ends of the world, and are listened to, not just with respect, but reverence.

Ah, dear people, each with your little trial, look up! Look out upon the things around, and unto those which are before. All things are ours as they were not our fathers. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad that our lot has fallen in these days—the golden days, not ended long ago. And, friends of mine, I do not think the Lord Christ would leave out of account that other, sorrowful, side to life. Only, the great lesson he would teach, I believe, is that we are good in spite of these shadows, and that we ought not to think it evil on account of them. The iron has entered the soul of each of us, but love is stronger than iron. For every Calvary with its dark